

Highway 29

Bruce Springsteen

I slipped on her shoe, she was a perfect size seven
I said "There's no smokin' in the store ma'am."
She crossed her legs and then
We made some small talk that's where it should have stopped
She slipped me her number, I put it in my pocket
My hand slipped up her skirt, everything slipped my mind
In that little roadhouse
On Highway 29

It was a small town bank it was a mess
Well I had a gun you know the rest
Money on the floorboards, shirt was covered in blood
And she was cryin', her and me we headed south
On Highway 29

In a little desert motel the air was hot and clean
I slept the sleep of the dead, I didn't dream
I woke in the morning, washed my face in the sink
We headed into the Sierra Madres 'cross the border line
The winter sun shot through the black trees
I told myself it was all something in her
But as we drove I knew it was something in me
Something that'd been comin' for a long long time
And something that was here with me now
On Highway 29

The road was filled with broken glass and gasoline
She wasn't sayin' nothin', it was just a dream
The wind come silent through the windshield
All I could see was snow, sky and pines
I closed my eyes and I was runnin'
I was runnin' then I was flyin'